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The Tipping Evil.
No man can escape death or taxes;
which axiom is accepted, and another
one added, and one that is no less per-
sistent. Who is there that has not in-
wardly cursed the tipping evil scores of
times? We resent it as an institution
that should never have been allowed to
thrive in this country, but meekly keep
our necks under the yoke. Americans are
resourceful, progressive, and have
solved many intricate problems. Why
not settle this question?

The vacation tips are paid for, other-
wise the season would have been far
from pleasant, but the gratuities are not
forgotten in most cases. They were prob-
ably so excessive as to approximate rob-
bery. The winter season is at hand; the
dinner at the fashionable cafe, the after-
theater supper, the little banquet at the
down-town hotel. Along with these arises
the old problem.

The man in moderate circumstances is
placed in an embarrassing position. The
generous rich man sets such a high
standard that all the pleasure of the din-
ner is lost in contemplation of the size
of the tip. Liberality by one leads to ex-
cessive fees on the part of another.

Just at present an effort is being made
in Germany to make the tip official and
compulsory, to standardize it at 10 per
cent. The plan is to have printed on the
bill of fare that 10 per cent of the total
cost goes to the waiter. But here comes
the fatal defect. This would make the
waiter get such a high wage that the
proprietor would soon cut it down, and
the wise patron would surreptitiously
add something in the hope of getting bet-
ter service than the man at his elbow.

Why should not first-class restaurants
try to abolish tips? Clubs have done so,
and one instance can be cited. One of
the popular clubs of Washington changed
from tips to the tipless system, and the
entire force of waiters left. New ones
were employed, and some of these ac-
cepted tips from members who did not
appreciate the fact that the board of
governors had determined to abolish the
system. Each time a servant was found
accepting a tip, he was immediately dis-
missed. It took but a few weeks to in-
augurate the new system, and there has
been no trouble of any kind in months.

In this case the wages were almost
doubled, yet the desertion of the entire
force of waiters shows that the tips had
amounted to more than twice their wages.
If the tip is to be abolished, it will have to
be done by the managers and proprietors
of public service institutions. The Pull-
man porter, the waiter, the cab driver,
the butler get wages. Why should not
their employers pay them sufficient for
their service, instead of expecting a part
to be paid by their patrons.

Life and the End of It.

Says the Hartford Post:
"According to a distinguished scientist and phy-
sician, Dr. Felix Regnault, there are few men and
women of full age—say twenty-five years—who have
not contracted the habit that will finally kill
them. The trouble gets into the system in ex-
cess and secreted itself in some organ, and there lies
dormant until the conditions are ripe for its fatal
activity."

"According to this life, no one dies of old age.
Senility, as it is called, is simply the decay of some
particular organ or physiological process that began
away back in the days of one's prime; some disease
of which he supposed he was cured, which this
doctor thinks could not have been the case, for
there is no such thing as an absolute cure."

This appears to be one of those
oracular medical deliverances promulga-
ted now and then for a purpose not
quite fathomable or clear. The state-
ment may be set down as relatively un-
important if true. There is nothing par-
ticularly terrifying in the knowledge that
somewhere concealed about one's anatomy
is the germ that finally will overwhelm
him, so long as he cannot locate its evil
influence and effect even with the as-
sistance of the doctor. If this germ "lies
dormant" and does not begin its per-
nicious activity before some other germ
might reasonably be expected to come
along and start something else anyway,
what difference does it make?

Death is a foreordained end of man.
It cannot be sidetracked or delayed. If
absolute cure of disease in any form is
impossible, the best we can do is to
"suppose" we are cured, and make the
most of it. Physicians can assist us to
be more comfortable under certain given
conditions, and they can relieve acute
stages of disease on numerous occasions.
They may prolong life in some circum-
stances. We do not quarrel with them
that they cannot keep us alive forever—
we never have, and we never shall. They
cannot keep themselves alive that long,
indeed.

Prevention, rather than cure, is the gen-
erally accepted theory nowadays. Clean
living, reasonably regular habits, sanitary
surroundings, fresh air, wholesome food,
and rational bodily exercise—if these fail
to hold the germs down to a minimum
of harmful activity, nothing will. We
all know we are ultimately to be over-
taken by some trouble with a long Latin
name or a short and ugly appellation, as
the case may be, and our pocketbooks

warrant, so what is the use worrying
about this newfangled Regnault theory?
All we ask is that the germs play the
game according to Hoyle, and give us,
with the help of our good friends, the
old reliable family doctors, an approxi-
mately fair chance to run well along
toward our allotted three-score and ten.

Terra Firma Aloft.

Invention has not yet compassed a
floating railway across the sea, nor yet
a tunnel beneath its bed. But progress
in shipbuilding is converting more and
more the transoceanic ferries into floating
palaces. The tendency is toward continuing
aloft the life ashore. Gone, apparently,
are the leisurely delights of the old-fash-
ioned vessels that yielded to the impulses
of Neptune, that even courted with
white wings the aid of the winds, that
retained something of the romance and
the breezy leisure of traditional life on
the ocean wave. Thus there is announced
the advent of new steamers to ply be-
tween New York and Southampton whose
passengers will live throughout the voy-
age in flats. Their occupants will have
all the privacy of home. They need not
be disturbed by the spectacle of a single
boudoir billow. These secluded homes
aloft will have even private shower
baths and, of course, complete house
service.

For those who would emerge from this
seclusion and make excursions as they
would view the passing life of Broadway
or the Strand, there will be a cafe upon
a deck fifty feet above the water. This
resort will be so inclosed that the voy-
ager will be able to fancy himself not
at sea, but only at a seaside hotel. There
will be glass-enclosed gardens and a chop
house. Such are among the luxuries de-
signed for a floating population of more
than 5,000 persons; truly a little city aloft,
whose total cost will be not far from
\$20,000,000. But there will be no problems
of municipal government to vex the
souls of those who pay the taxes of the
pursuer. The mayor will continue to be
the captain, and his rule will be that of
the boss. That genial and necessary
tyranny is at least one survival of the
days when those who went down to the
sea in ships were thought in sufficient
peril to be included in the prayers of
those on land.

That Pie Famine.

We admit no anxiety or distress with
respect to New York's future, as it may
or may not be affected by the present pie
famine. We are not sure but that a pie-
less existence for a few months is just
about the thing New York actually needs,
anyway.

We have no quarrel with pie. On the
contrary, we are, and have long been, a
recognized authority on certain varieties
of the same. This article of food, prop-
erly concocted and righteously served in its
time and place, more frequently than not
is a thing of beauty and a joy forever
physically, and the saving grace of many
a meal gustatorially.

But the average pie of the lunch coun-
ter persuasion—and that is the pie now-
adays so conspicuous by its absence in
New York—is a mysterious proposition, in
which snares innumerable lurk, and be-
tween the crusts of which indigestion
stalks rampant, raging and seeking whom
it may devour, as it were. Dainty enough
as a tidbit for stomachs of ostrich-like
qualifications, mayhap, yet a hypocritical
thing, to be avoided with great regularity,
indeed, by those whose insides insist
upon habitual friendly treatment and none
too reckless bombardment.

We suspect that nothing in the world
would put New York on better terms with
itself than a two-months' abstinance from
pie in all of its various forms. Nothing
braces a man up more surely than an
occasional adjustment of his digestive
equipment to the simpler things of life.
An indigestionless Gotham would be a
happy Gotham indeed. And a pieless
Gotham might, we suspect, be approxi-
mately indigestionless.

And so, it may be that this seemingly
unbearable thing of the moment is a
blessing in disguise—such as comes to
people ever and anon from the hands of
some kind fairy or guardian angel, as the
case may be.

"Mr. Roosevelt's words of congratula-
tion to Peary were short," notes the
Omaha Bee. And his lack of words to
Cook ugly?

"Turn the tide to Georgia," says a Sa-
vannah News headline. Heavens! What
a smug old hypocrite the News is, any-
way.

"Uphold nurses' hands," suggests the
Pittsburg Post. As if anybody needed
urging to hold hands with them.

"Under certain conditions, sitting on a
keg of powder is as safe as sitting on a
keg of putty," says the Nashville Ameri-
can. Even safer, under certain condi-
tions, perhaps.

Milwaukee has a woman suffragist who
is ninety years of age. Still, any woman
who admits that many years is entitled
to be a suffragist.

"Vote for Tammany and reform,"
urges Judge Gaynor. And watch reform
get counted out after the polls close.

"If Spain should become a republic,"
speculates the Detroit Free Press. A re-
publican form of government would be-
come Spain, we have no doubt.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon has surveyed him-
self as "Beelzebub," and he gives it as
his deliberate opinion that he is by no
means the devilish old party he has been
cracked up to be.

Vesuvius has a hard time holding the
lid tight. It is throwing out extraordi-
nary quantities of mud nowadays, but
neither in amount nor violence of quality
does the output compare with the New
York majority campaign supply.

"Speaking of Charleston—" begins
the Charleston News and Courier. But,
why?

"Will Alfonso lose his throne?" in-
quires the Macon News. He might be
willing to swap it for a little peace of
mind, we imagine.

It was too bad that an Alabama pro-
hibition editor should have written it a
"hopeful programme," and then have it
come out "A hopeful programme."

A mob of women bent on kissing young
Pitcher Adams, in Pittsburgh the other
day, was restrained by the police only
after the most strenuous exertion. How

Jack Johnson and Prof. Matt Henson
seem to be about the only real celebrities
absolutely immune to osculatory assaults.

"Old King Leopold, of Belgium, seems
to be alarmed," says the Dayton News.
With Sherlock Holmes on his track, he
well may be, as Dr. Watson would ob-
serve.

"Don't insult the voters," pleads the
London Landmark. Certainly not! Tuffy
them—jolly them. That gets results.

"John D.'s representative wants to fight
a duel," says the Havana Post. Surely
there should be some way to pour oil
on these troubled waters.

"Uncle Sam," of course, is not taking
sides in that Nicaraguan mess, but if
the Yelapa outfit loses out, there are no
symptoms that "Uncle Sam" will shed
tears copiously, nevertheless.

The Charlotte Observer advocates "tem-
perance in politics." From this we infer
the Observer would abolish all prohibi-
tion arguments and discussions.

The north pole controversy is petering
out. Two esteemed contemporaries are at
war as to whether Eskimo or Esquimaux
is proper.

"After Diaz, what?" inquires the
Rochester Times. The muck-rakers, just
now.

It was entirely unnecessary, we think,
for one grand old Texan to shed another
grand old Texan's gore, even in celebra-
tion of the President's visit.

And now the insistent Mr. Peary would
have us believe Knud Rasmussen's testi-
mony is tainted, eh? Is Peary the only
arctic explorer whose word is to be ac-
cepted without question? Mr. Peary is
getting to be something of a bore.

The Hon. Mr. Jeffries talks as if, per-
haps, maybe, in all probability, he
means it.

It is not at all probable, however, that
Mr. William Loeb's recent visit to Wash-
ington was prompted, even in part, by a
desire to ascertain what sort of grand,
gloomy, and peculiar muffer Mr. Fred
Carpenter wears.

As to the price of meat nowadays and
next month, the packers need not have
reminded us. The difference between ex-
pectation and realization in that matter
long ago was conceded to be nothing
whatsoever.

A great many humane people are moved
to hope these days, we imagine, that the
slaughter tins from Africa, as matters
of fact, really grow immensely as they
travel.

PRINTED OF PUBLIC MEN.

Three Candidates for Mayor.
From the New York Sun.
One of the candidates is a gentleman, but not a
politician; another is a politician, but not a gen-
tleman; and the remaining candidate is neither a
gentleman nor a politician.

Mr. Cummins and Mr. Cannon.
From the Springfield Republican.
The Chairman's answer to Mr. Cannon's attack
will be delivered before the Marquette Club in Chi-
cago, November 6. The only real fighting these days
is behind the Republican headquarters.

Gov. Harmon's Civil Service.
From the New York Evening Post.
The cry for jobs has made the Ohio welkin ring,
but the governor's heart has been of stone. Where-
upon the Democratic machine leaders have dis-
covered that giving them the jobs was what Mr.
Harmon was elected for, and that he has conse-
quently violated his pledges to the people.

Mr. Cannon Not Careless.
From the Chicago Record.
Congressional insurgents may as well be given to
understand here and now that "Uncle Joe" has no
intention of leaving the Speaker's chair on the front
porch on Halloween.

The Speaker's Postmist.
From the Kansas City Star.
Speaker Cannon and the other defenders of his
autocratic power are the arch-postmist of the
House. They are the only ones who are expected
to mean the triumph of optimism.

Mr. Penrose's Gratitude.
From the New Orleans States.
Mr. Taft promptly responded to the standstill at
the opportune moment, hence Senator Penrose
had warrant for expressing their gratitude for "his
stalwart stand in favor of the protective principle as
set forth in his Wisconsin speech." Whether Mr. Taft
likes the company in which he finds himself is a
question.

Mr. Taft on Waterways.
From the New York Globe.
Is President Taft for waterways? He is for them
to the same way that the conservative expert is
them—only in case they are worth the expenditure.

Mr. Aldrich in the West.
From the Chicago Plain Dealer.
No noticeable rush for engagements comes from
the West in response to President Taft's announce-
ment that Aldrich intends to make a number of
addresses in that section.

Mr. Dickinson's Ducks.
From the Nashville American.
Secretary Dickinson should introduce a couple of
gundrop flocks to testify that he killed those ducks
in order to forestall another innumerable contro-
versy.

Neighborly Feelings.
From the Youth's Companion.
"Now that the Tompkinses have
moved," remarked Mrs. Harkins, as she
poured Mr. Harkins his second cup of
coffee. "I suppose we can count, upon
having some peace and quiet in the
neighborhood. I'm really sorry to say it,
but I was glad to see the last of the
moving van."

"Why so?" asked Mr. Harkins, pre-
sently. And his wife looked at him with
an expression that said plainly enough
that she regarded the question as an af-
fectionation.

"Mr. Tompkins was so cantankerous!"
she explained, promptly. "I always felt
as if he were watching us constantly,
just to catch us doing something that he
might consider objectionable."

"I don't doubt but he was," agreed her
husband. "I believe it was Tompkins
who made such a fuss over the Smith
gramophone, wasn't it?"

"Yes. They played the thing all day
and half the night. It was like living
next door to a permanent circus."

"I remember," Mr. Harkins, reminis-
cently. "And then there was the rusty
ventilator on Barnard's stable. How it
did squeak! Tompkins was the chap who
finally made them off it, wasn't he?"

"Nobody else could have made them
off it," said Mrs. Harkins. "You wouldn't
even expostulate."

"No. I hate to expostulate. And then
there was that gang of boys who used
to loaf on the corner. How they used to
howl at night! What has become of
them, I wonder?"

"Mr. Tompkins went to the police about
it," replied his wife, promptly.
"Why? Made himself himself disagreeable,
as usual—and the dog stopped howling.
Then there was that gang of boys who
used to play ball in the street—"

"Mrs. Harkins laid down her knife and
fork."
"I know what you mean," said she,
"but I never did like that man Tomp-
kins."

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

AUTUMN NEWS.

In case a paper up you take
When summer's done,
You read about the chaps who break
A collarbone.

This happens nearly every day
When men who did their money in
And mortals risk in football play
Their precious lives.

The papers, too, when summer's done
Thrift's motto commence
About the chaps who drag a gun
Across a fence.

But there's another tale that fall
Brings into line.
It is the saddest tale of all,
As I opine.

'Tis now the chronicles begin
About that drove
Of men who did their money in
Their parlor stove.

He Meant Their Works.
"I see a college professor claims that
Chaucer will outlive Shakespeare."

"Well, of all ignorance! Both them
fellows have been dead for 300 years."

Reaching High Notes.
"This here explorer charges as much
for a lecture as Patti did for a concert."

"And Patti had the proofs with her.
Child go to the chromatic pole right be-
fore your eyes."

Of Course.
When you clean up a million bones
They then become,
As the most capacious critic owns,
A tidy sum.

Arranging It.
"I have been on an exploring trip
through my husband's summer clothes."

"And these poker chips and these rac-
tors for sale?"

"Constitute the data for my lecture."

Stage Properties.
"Do you really want to buy a gold
brick?"

"If I kin git one reasonable," explained
Farmer Haw. The summer boarders
were disappointed and did not have
one. I don't want to make that mistake
another year."

Doing Her Best.
"Kipling says that a woman is only
a woman, and a good one, a smoky-
"Well, woman is traveling in the right
direction. Haven't you noticed her pre-
sent panatella shape?"

NO VALET SERVICE AT YALE.

Hereafter Students Can Employ Only
Janitors for Personal Attendance.

New Haven dispatch in Boston Herald.
Yale men who have had the occasion
to visit the burar's office in Lamson
Hall the past week have noted the fol-
lowing rule posted conspicuously at the
window at which they pay their term
bills: "No private servants are allowed
in the college buildings."

For years there has been an unwritten
law here that has excluded private serv-
ants, but it is the first time that the Yale
undergraduates have received formal no-
tice that the faculty would not permit an
infringement of this law.

Hereafter the janitors of the various
buildings on the campus will be the only
ones allowed to perform acts of per-
sonal service. Although the officials have
decided definitely against the students
bringing onto the campus their own men
to perform personal service, this does
not mean that they will have to polish
their own shoes, call themselves in time
for chapel in the morning, or make their
own fires. The janitors of the buildings
will do this, and the university will fix
the charges.

In this way the students will not be
overtaxed by janitors and no student
will feel obliged to employ them just to
"stand in." Under this plan it makes no
difference to the janitor personally how
much of his extra work is to be
done in the buildings. The increase in
put in his full time. The students are
cautioned that they must pay the univer-
sity for extra service, and under no cir-
cumstances the janitor himself.

For years the janitors have been paid
\$100 per year. Each century there-
after added something to the pay. The
seventeenth century four years, and the
eighteenth century four years, and the
nineteenth century nine years. In fa-
vored localities the average longevity
has increased from 100 years in Mas-
sachusetts and Prussia. It is maintained
that if the present rate of progress is not
checked the average person in Massachu-
setts a century hence will live four-
teen years longer than at present. Prus-
sia, which shows the greatest advance
in hygiene and medical science, is in-
creasing its average longevity at the rate
of twenty-seven years a century. If it
be said that such rates of advance in long-
evity can not long be maintained, the
answer is that the world is only at the
beginning of its conquest over disease
and unsanitary methods.

Underground Criminal Life.
The animal life of caves is limited.
There are no animals that require much
nourishment. Grottoes with underground
rivers have the most life. Creatures of
modern species that have adapted them-
selves to underground conditions are
sharply separated from light dwell-
ers. Their skin is whitish, or transpa-
rent. The eye atrophies or disappears al-
together. The optic nerve and the optic
lobe disappear, leaving the brain pro-
foundly modified in its structure and
in proportion. Those of hearing, smell,
touch, become large. Sensitive hairs,
long and coarse, appear all over the body.
These changes are produced gradually.
In animals kept in darkness it has been
possible to see the regression of the eye
and the hypertrophy of the other sense
organs. With fishes observed since 1800
the absence of light determined a remark-
able arrest of growth. Their length was
about two inches and their weight less
than an ounce, whereas similar fish kept
in daylight reached five inches and two
and seven-tenths ounces.

Ideal Vegetarianism.
From Life.
"Are you willing to join us and be-
come a vegetarian?"

"Yes," said the philosopher, "if you're
willing to concede that all flesh is grass."

THE UNKNOWN POET.

He lived a life of gentle deeds,
He was not noted far and wide;
He knew no little of learned doings,
That Nature seemed his only guide.
As boy he loved the simple things,
As man his spirit longed for wings.

When insects crept about his feet,
He stooped to learn their future ways,
Each downy wing he held him was sweet,
So pleasant were his childish days;
And yet the gaze of his clear eyes
Revealed his heart was growing wise.

When fleeting youthful years were past,
And manhood spoke with thrilling voice,
Then one great vision held him was sweet,
He wished to have no other choice.
Though things of earth looked far and dim,
He clung with steady light for him.

He seemed no task, however small;
He would not quail, he would not shrink;
When trials loomed up like a wall,
And human strength was almost run,
Still, like a lion, he would stand
Blissed out in darkest night.

And through the depths he learned to know
The meaning of life's tangled web;
And therefore was no shade of woe,
Could harm his charmed and steadfast ways.
His living faith had touched the spring
That moves with life each living thing.

And yet to those who knew him best,
He seemed so quiet, meek of mien,
They dreamed not of the hidden quest,
That in his heart would not be still,
And ever from that flame of fire
Arose the star of his desire!

He read the ancient books of lore
Until he smote his breast in vain,
For all that rich and golden store
Lied in his own bright, soul again,
"I may not do as well," he said,
And bowed with grief his gentle head.

He dreamed of cities great and grand,
Of armies and cities strong and bold,
He dreamed of things that were not,
Seemed turned into a mist of gold.
Upon his plow-horse in the field
He thought a warrior flashed his shield.

He saw the moon within his cell
And the heaven's stars streaming eyes;
He listened when the tolling bell
Proclaimed another mortal dies;
Vain would his soul have followed them
To learn of things beyond his ken.

He read aught his brother man;
He knew the hopes, the doubts, the fears
That circle through life's little span,
To make or mar their earthly years,
"May my path be clear," he said,
"To lead the one who may have strayd!"

And so his years were surely passed;
Each one he counted as the sun
Repeats her beads, and then at last
He laid his head in the tender task is done.
For calm from his clear vision rose
Such truthfulness his pure heart knew.

And yet no trumpet voice proclaimed
His selfless love, his constant faith;
Nay, with the great he was not named,
Till death had claimed his mortal breath;
With wiser hearts they came to say:
"His name is known to pass this way."

—Magazine Merit.

PEOPLE AND THINGS

Agriculture in the East.

There is a systematic campaign in New
England for developing its agricultural
facilities. A report has been issued by
the Boston Chamber of Commerce upon
the opportunities for fruit husbandmen
who cultivate New England soil. It un-
dertakes to show that in nearness of
market, cost of land, yield per acre, and
price secured, the New England farmer
has a great advantage over the Western
producer. With the facilities at hand,
the report declares, "it seems absurd
that the high-grade New England trade
looks to the West for a single barrel or
box of fruit." But the report urges that
old-fashioned methods of raising and
marketing fruit in New England must
be changed. They are a back number and
are as much out of date in the twentieth
century as the stage coach. The picking
of the fruit, the grading of it, and the
packing of it must all be done according
to modern principles and not according
to the lazy, haphazard ways of other
days. Perhaps there is a suggestion in
this for similar commercial bodies in
Maryland and Virginia.

Boston's Fish Trade.
Boston is the greatest fish market in
the country. There is but one greater
in the world, at Grimsby, England. At
the Boston T wharf are landed yearly
nearly 150,000,000 pounds of fish. The fleet
represents an investment of \$3,000,000. Di-
rectly and indirectly 15,000 men are em-
ployed in the industry. The product is
shipped all over the country. But the
industry has outgrown its quarters. It
requires more dockage for its fleet, more
space for the product, and nearer access
to railway transportation for shipment to
other markets. For these reasons the
New England Fish Exchange has asked
the co-operation of other commercial
bodies to save the situation by securing
the needed facilities.